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Ways to Torture Firestar(Stories from my life)

For those of you who don't already know, my name is Cloudtail. I have always been much awesomer than Firestar, yet that lame old tom STILL thinks he's so much better than me. Well, I have shown him multiple times that I'm better than him. In this book, I will tell you some of the stories about the ways that I have tortured him because he won't accept the fact that I'm better than him.

Firestar gets a haircut

Well, one of my best friends is named, Swiftpaw. Swiftpaw was....hold on, I got to explain something.

I live in a small den that has everything a cat could want. However, my den doesn't have enough space for me and Swiftpaw to run around and play.

The only den in my area of StarClan that has enough room for Swiftpaw and I to play is Firestar's. After a lot of talking and arguing, Firestar finally agreed to let Swiftpaw and I play in his den five times per moon.

Anyhow, before we headed over to Firestar's den, Swiftpaw discussed his latest plan with me. We grabbed the necessary materials and began to walk towards Firestar's den.

"Firestar!" I called as soon as we entered the den. "Could I speak to you for a moment please?"

Before I continue the story, I think I should mention the fact that Swiftpaw hates Firestar because when Firestar was deputy, he did almost nothing to try and convince Bluestar that Swiftpaw should be a warrior too.

As soon as Firestar entered the section of the den that we were standing in, Swiftpaw raced forward. In a heartbeat, before that lame old flame-colored tom's super slow reflexes could respond, Swiftpaw had him pinned to the ground. Firestar twisted and gave a super-weak attempt to try to throw Swiftpaw off of him, but nothing worked. With my help, Swiftpaw was able to chain Firestar to the ugly green (I'm serious, the walls of his den are an ugly, pukey shade of green[He has great taste for paint colors for the walls of cats' dens; NOT] and I told him once he should repaint them. He told me that he would never do that, because the paint color looked lovely on the walls of his den...by the way, did I mention that he has hideous, dark, annoying purple carpet on the

floor of his den that looks extremely terrible combined with the bad choice of paint color for the walls?) stone walls of the den. "What are you doing?" Firestar screeched.

Swiftpaw said nothing, but he gave a quick short nod to me. After we blindfolded him, we both began to shave off all of his fur. "Stop...what are you doing to me?" he cried, unable to tell what we were doing.

As soon as we were done, I dragged a large mirror right in front of Firestar. At the same time, Swiftpaw unwrapped the chain from around Firestar's neck and I removed his blindfold. We dashed off before he could do anything to us. From the other side of the neighborhood, sitting safely on a....(Twolegs call it a "kouch" I think, right?), eating popcorn and watching a movie, we could still here Firestar's screams as he looked at himself in the mirror.

"Where's My Candy Bar?"

Well, a quarter-moon before the haircut, Firestar invited me to watch some TV at his den. He brought a chocolate bar to the "kouch" with him, and I recgonized the color of the wrapper immediately, even though I couldn't see the writing from my side of the "kouch". It was my favorite type of candy bar.

We started watching a pretty scary movie. Two she-cats with teleportation powers were trying to kill each other. Yet, although it was scary, it was pretty good.

Pretty soon Firestar was completely engrossed in the movie, and was paying me no attention whatsoever. The candy bar had slipped out of his paw and onto the part of the "kouch" right next to him. I slowly and carefully began to slowly inch toward him. He didn't notice me. I slowly reached with my paw for the candy bar. I grabbed it, and then, I ate it.

Near the end of the movie, Firestar meowed, "I'm hungry."

He looked around for his candy bar and couldn't find it. "Where's my candy bar?" he asked, looking at me.

"I dunno," I meowed, not removing my eyes from the screen.

"I said, 'WHERE IS IT!'" Firestar repeated impatiently.

"Maybe you dropped it on that ugly purple carpet of yours," I replied, still not looking away from the movie, where the two she-cats were both lying in the middle of the path, bleeding and only shown not to be dead by the faint rise and fall of their chests.

"It's not ugly!" Firestar meowed as he lowered himself closer to the ground and scanned the floor.

"I don't see it!" he exclaimed.

I said nothing. The movie was coming to a conclusion. A tom

padded down the path and froze in shock when he saw the two half-dead she-cats. "Medicine cat!" he called.

A medicine cat came rushing into view after a pause. He walked up to one of the she-cats. Her breathing had appeared to stop. The medicine cat glanced at the other she-cat and then sighed. "They're both dead...." the medicine cat began.

"Cloudtail!" Firestar screamed in my ear. "Did you hear what I just said?"

"I'm trying to watch a movie," I muttered.

"Well, my candy bar..." Firestar began.

"Do you even realize that both of the she-cats, you know, the main characters of the movie just died?" I asked.

"What?" Firestar asked, brought back to reality for a moment.

He turned to look at the TV for a moment and saw the she-cats' dead bodies. Then he went back to the candy bar search. "Where is it?" he asked, growling now.

The movie ended and the credits came on. Thunder roared overhead and gray clouds were beginning to appear in the sky. I glanced at the sky and leapt off the "kouch". "It's gonna rain soon," I meowed quickly. "I better head back to my den ."

I quickly darted out of the den.

"CLOUDTAIL!!!!!!"

Long, long ago, I bought some fireworks on April Fools Day...

I had only arrived in StarClan a few moons ago(so definitely at least 10 to 15 years from now). I had a smaller, less modern den and Firestar had a bigger den which was even uglier than the one he has now, if you can believe that.

It was a normal day on March 28 but Mousefur was selling fireworks for some reason, and no, she had NOT opened her stupid pizzeria yet. "Fireworks!" she shouted. "Buy them or else!"

No doubt this made everyone all the more eager to go buy them. Well, that and the $5000 price...

But that fireworks stand gave me an idea...and this was the first time I started trying to do stuff to Fire-Fire-Stupid-Failure.

So I paid $10,000 that I stole from Firestar's bank account(what, I knew his password even back then! It's obvious! It's SandstormIsTheLoveOfMyLifeEvenThoughSheActuallyHatesMe[and yes, I noticed it's super long])

And for April Fools Day, I'd put on a fireworks show...at guess whose house?

Anyhow, it was just after 8 PM on April 1 as I arrived at Firestar's den. I knocked on the door. "Hi, Cloudtail!" he asked.

"Come outside please, to the end of your driveway!" I said cheerfully.

I did mention he's super gullible, right? He dashed out and that's when I launched the fireworks....at his den.

It exploded in a colorful display of light and I munched on a chocolate chip cookie as I watched happily.

"NO!" he screamed. "My beautiful, beatiful den with the rainbow wood floors and the hot pink furniture and the walls with butterflies painted on them! Plus, my NSYNC poster!"

"They're lame," I commented. "Justin Timberlake's voice is almost as girly as yours!"

"Why did you do that?" he demanded.

"I didn't mean to!" I lied. "It was an accident! I didn't realize..."

He sighed. "It's okay," he responded. "I'll buy a new den and get a bigger NSYNC poster! It will take up a whole wall!"

(The poster is in his basement if you're wondering. And yes, we do have basements in StarClan!)

"Plus I was going to add carpet to my bedroom but I think I'll add it to the whole house!" he announced, showing me a picture of that hideous, annoying purple carpet I hate so much nowadays.

It was all I could do not to laugh. "Looks...great."

Firestar Discovers A "New" Invention

Firestar came over to my house yesterday. He's not mad at me about the haircut anymore, and he just got over being mad about the "Pie Incident" which maybe I'll explain later on...

He was carrying a huge device that was slightly bigger than your average house phone with a super long antenna. "What in the name of StarClan is that?" I demanded.

"It's a cool new invention I just discovered!" he replied. "It's called a sell phone...I think you're supposed to sell it to other people after you buy it but I figured out you can use it to call people!"

I just realized he's more outdated than I already thought. "That phone isn't a real phone meaning not a SMARTphone. It has zero IQ just like you!" I excalimed. "Just so you know the cell phone was invented before we were in StarClan...here I'll buy you a real phone..."

So we visited Willowbreeze's Wal-mart and bought an iPhone 4S. Unfortunately, they were out of the iPhone 5, but it would do. I always thought Siri was dumb, but when I asked, "What is Firestar's IQ?" she correctly answered, "Zero." Everyone knows that...

I showed him how to text and call people. He downloaded an app called, "How To Tie Your Shoelaces." I've always said they had an app for everything, even tying shoes! Leave it to Firestar to be the only one to waste $0.99 on it...

He gave me his number...so I texted him as soon as I got home. *Hi :)*

He responded almost immediately.
Hi!!

I was thinking that the exclamation marks were stupid and girly. He

doesn't have to be that excited, I only said hi! And I would never put a smiley face in a message to Firestar unless....well you'll see.

So I sent, *Hi :)*, again. He answered, *Didn't I already say hi?*

I kept sending over and over again for like, a whole hour or something, *Hi :)* His responses were stuff like, *What in StarClan's name is wrong with you?*

Eventually Sandstorm knocked on my door and entered the den without asking for permission. "Firestar says you saying hi to him over and over again," she says. "I know you'd never say hi to him for real. I guess he doesn't get what you're doing."

I thought she was going to tell me to stop it. Instead, she took out her phone and asked, "What's his number?"

The Pie Incident

I did promise to tell you about this, right?

Sandstorm had baked a pie for Firestar and he was walking around his yard eating a slice of it. I was driving past his house in my new monster, planning on practicing my golf swing and then renting a lane at the bowling alley and playing a few games. My average is 298 and I'm working to get it up to 300 in this league.

Anyhow, I saw him there and I stopped the car. I decided I could practice here...

I hurriedly got my golf bag out of the back of the car. I couldn't find my driver so I settled for a six iron. (Most cats in StarClan aren't huge fans of golf so I'm guessing you don't know the difference between a driver, a putter, or a sand wedge but I'm telling you what club I used anyways)

I set a golf ball on the asphalt and took a practice swing. On the real deal, I got perfectly under the ball and watch it soar into the air as I completed the swing with a professional-looking follow-through. No need at all to yell, "Fore!"

I'm telling you, he never saw it coming. He was just about to devour another bite of pie when the ball hit him right on the head. And he dropped his pie.

I grinned and yelled, "Fore!"

"A little late," Firestar groaned. "And you made me waste a piece of pie!"

"Well, get another!" I responded.

He did. I pretended to drive off but pulled off at the side of the road as soon as I was out of sight. I hopped out of the car and took out my 16 pound bowling ball. Time to get a strike. I wouldn't settle for

a spare here.

Firestar emerged from his house with another slice of pie. I carefully snuck up behind him and rolled the ball at him across the driveway at top speed. The ball hit the gravel with a thud and Firestar spun around. But the idiot didn't think to get out of the way. It crashed into his forepaws and sent him tumbling to the ground. Of course, after that it sent him to the hospital to get a cast for the bone he broke in his left leg in the collision and fall.

I'm telling you, it was totally better, awesomer, and most certainly much more rewarding practice. Even if I did get a scratch on my bowling ball from dropping it on the ground with such force....

Rivers, Cliffs, and Birthday Balloons!

Sorry I haven't told you what I'm doing to Firestar lately. But I've been busy because I've been pranking him more than I usually do as of recently, and I got a billion(ok, maybe not, that's sorta an exaggeration) new stories to tell. But let's start with the events closest to this day...like yesterday...

Yesterday was Firestar's birthday so I invited him to have cake by the river. He came happily and I handed him a present. He was overjoyed and he hurriedly ripped through the wrapping paper with his claws. He lifted the lid of the box and inside...inside was a snake. A rubber snake, totally fake, of course, but he fell for it(OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK! HE'S EVEN DUMBER THAN I THOUGHT). I howled with laughter as he dropped the box in a panic and shrieked in a girly way. He stumbled backwards, away from my "gift" and forgot that the river was right behind him.

He somehow balanced unsteadily at its edge momentarily but with a cry of delight I gave him a push. He tumbled into the river with a great splash!

He came up spluttering and flailing around wildly. "CLOUDTAIL!!!!!!!!!!" he screamed. "HELP MEH!!!!!!!!! I gonna die!"

Me? I took out a bag of popcorn and stood watching, lazily following after him as the rushing current carried him away. I remember the story about how Tigerstar once tried to drown him and I can't blame him for trying to do that.

It reminds me...I have a quick point to make and then we can go back to the story. Although Tigerstar shouldn't have killed Bluestar and the rest of ThunderClan, he still shouldn't have gone to the Dark Forest. He should be greatly honored in StarClan. Why? Because he tried to kill Firestar! Someone give poor Tigerstar a round of applause, right here and right now!

Ok anyhow, Firestar was nearing a waterfall that poured over a cliff onto to the stretch of water below that was cluttered with sharp rocks. He managed to grab a branch dangling over the water. "CLOUDTAIL PLEASE HELP ME!" he yowled.

Out of corner of my eye I saw Mistystar emerge from some bushes, ready to rescue whatever cat was drowning. Then she realized it was Firestar and walked away without a word.

I grabbed his paw and dragged him out. He collapsed onto the ground, gasping for breath. "Thank you, Cloudtail," he coughed.

I paused and then asked, "Do you remember jumping off the gorge to save Bluestar?"

Firestar sat up and gave me a curious look. "Yeah. Why?"

I grinned. "Do you think if you had to jump off a cliff into a river again you could still swim?"

He nodded. "Of course I could!" he growled. "I'm the great Firestar! I'm capable of everything!"

I raised an eyebrow. "Oh yeah? You say you could still swim?"

"Yes!" he sighed, getting annoyed.

"Ok then, let's find out."

Before Firestar could do anything, I pushed him back into the river and with a squeal, more high-pitched than that of a female kit, he was carried over the waterfall and plummeted into the water below.

I drove home and watched a movie.

Roller Coasters and a Stupid Flame-Colored Kittypet

Before I tell the story, I must address the stupid messages I got after I published the last chapter.

"YOU TRIED TO DROWN FIRESTAR ON HIS BIRTHDAY?!?!?!?!?!?"

~Palebird

What can I say? I'm pretty awesome aren't I?

"Leave Fire-Fire-Cheese-Cat alone or cheese ponies will hurt you?"

~Patchpelt

When is someone going to send that cat to the mental hospital? He's crazier than Firestar or perhaps even Jayfeather!

"I'm writing this from the hospital. I barely survived, Cloudtail! Why did you do that to me?"

~Firestar

HE LIVED? NO!!!!!!!! Seriously, as much as I hate him and as stupid as he is, I guess I wouldn't have wanted him to die. But I did it because I don't like him!

But mostly, the cats of StarClan were impressed. For the next chapter, they were hoping for something even better, crazier, and more hilarious!

I came up with an awesome idea...but wondered how I'd talk Firestar into coming.

I knocked on his door at 4 AM. As soon as he saw me, he slammed the door in my face. I knocked again and even rang the doorbell but he still wouldn't let me in or even open the door at all to talk to me.

So I grabbed his keys to his ancient monster(I think it's like the Model T or something) which everyone knows are under the doormat and unlocked the monster.

I honked the horn. It sounded so loud and obnoxious that Firestar knew it had to be his car.

I started backing out of the driveway as the door swung open and Firestar emerged from the den. The entire right side of his face was bandaged while the other side that I could see was scratched and bruised. Both forepaws and his right hindleg were wrapped in a cast and he came out on crutches. I lowered the window and with a frown, wiped the dust off the ancient passenger seat. I searched for a seatbelt but there was none.(THE MONSTER WAS SO OLD, THERE WAS NOT EVEN A SEATBELT!!)

"Get in the monster and don't ask questions or else I'm taking off with it and you'll never see it again."

Hesitantly, Firestar climbed aboard. Instantly, I went speeding off like Jayfeather down the path. His door was still open as I took off and he dropped one of his crutches onto the sidewalk. "HEY! STOP THE MONSTER!!!!!!!!!" he screeched.

I saw that there was an accident and bad traffic up ahead, so I chose a different route. I veered off onto the grass and cut across Bluestar's yard, nearly running over Mosskit, who was playing outside.

I plowed through the fence at the other end that seperated Bluestar's land from Rainflower's land. The RiverClan she-cat was tending to her garden and looked up to see the monster rapidly approaching. Her eyes widened with terror and she dove out of the way.

She looked at her ruined plants after we passed. "NO!!!!!!!! You destroyed ALL of my tomatoes!"

We ignored her as I crashed through yet another fence and into the parking lot of our destination: Hollyleaf's RollerCoasterLand.

Firestar had his paws over his eyes and was trembling with terror. "What are we doing?"

"You've never ridden roller coasters before! Well I'm taking you to ride one!"

We entered the park just as it opened at 5 AM. We were literally the only ones there, except for some random old cat who was sleeping on the sidewalk. I purchased two tickets to go in.

We went to the coaster with the highest drop: a terrifying 425 foot plummet to your death.

Poor Spiderleg, who was stuck working there at the crack of dawn, welcomed us. The warrior kept yawning as he told us to pick a seat. He seriously yawned like five times just in that sentence.

Firestar slid into the front row and handed me his crutch. I stared at it for a moment before tossing it on the ground. "Firestar, I'll just be sitting right behind you, okay?"

Being as gullible as he was, he believed me and nodded. He didn't even look to see if I was getting in!

I whispered to Spiderleg, "I'm not riding it. Don't turn seatbelts on."

Spiderleg nodded. "Okay, the ride is about to start."

"WHERE ARE THE SEATBELTS?" Firestar screamed, his voice sounded as girly as it always does when he's screaming and he's on the verge of panic.

I doubled over laughing. "There's no seatbelts on roller coasters, stupid!"

"Oh, okay."

I watched as the ride began. Firestar apparently noticed the drop and tried to hold on to something as the car halted at the top of the hill....and then rocketed straight down towards the earth. He SOMEHOW DIDN'T FALL OFF ON A 425 FOOT DROP but lost his grip as the car went through a loop and went upside-down.

Spiderleg, bouncing up and down excitedly like a kit, gave a round of applause.